UNITY

FREEDOM FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor 1880-1918)

Editors

John Haynes Holmes Francis Neilson

Religion and Science: A Psychological Interpretation

By CLARENCE R. SKINNER

An Old Lincoln Story: A Post-Election Memory

By NATHANIEL SCHMIDT

A Quaker in Germany

By MARY KELSEY

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME XCIV THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1924 NUMBER 9

THE CREED OF A MODERN PACIFIST

I believe that my country ought to be defended from disaster, but that her participation in another war, no matter what the outcome, would bring to our national life a severe, perhaps a mortal, wound.

I believe that the chief danger to the happiness and safety of my country is to be found not in a hypothetical foreign foe, but in the possibility of her becoming involved in international conflict.

I believe that the race has now reached a stage in evolution where the collective intelligence of mankind can successfully and permanently abolish war.

I believe that by wise diplomacy, thoughtful legislation, and restrained public opinion, the United States may absolutely avoid the calamity of war henceforth and forever, so far as the eye of man can see.

I believe that the chief sources of our national defense are to be found in a careful and strict justice upon our own part, in the exhibition of patience and understanding towards the deeds of other peoples, and in a deliberately cultivated friendship for all nations.

I believe that the Executive and Legislative departments of our Government ought to show a greater concern and a more profound wisdom in the direction of peace than has ever previously been manifested.

I believe that every patriotic citizen should keep conscience and intelligence alert, and so conduct himself that our servants at Washington will give enthusiastic obedience to the popular demand for a program of peace.

I believe that only by resisting war and the war-makers can civilization be kept above the level of the beast and a promise of immortal life be held out to these United States. This is the solemn obligation that rests upon all who would serve their country, and through her mankind.

ELMO A. ROBINSON.

Editing a paper at a distance of one thousand miles from the publication office has its disadvantages—especially on election day! At this writing (November 5), however, there seems no doubt as to the outcome of the balloting. We are of course surprised and intensely disappointed by the result—but not at all disturbed. We happen to believe in democracy, and hence in the inalienable right of the people to govern themselves. If the people want Mr. Coolidge for their president, we see no reason why we should berate them because we wanted Mr. La Follette. If the farmers and the working men and women of the country prefer to seek their welfare through the two old parties instead of through a new party of their own, that is their privilege. Democracy is what it is—among other things, the right of the people to follow their own wisdom and not ours. It simply remains for the minority to make good, that's all—and this is the task now before us. Nor is it a discouraging task! In the face of what still seems to us to be an unaccountable tidal wave of enthusiasm for Mr. Coolidge, the third party, under Mr. La Follette's consecrated leadership, made a magnificent beginning. It established wide popular support in all parts of the country, and thus is already a national and not a sectional movement. Now it must consolidate its position, and be ready to take full advantage of the reaction which is certain to follow upon four years of utter conservatism under President Coolidge. Education and agitation unceasing will do in 1928 what apparently could not be done in 1924. Meanwhile, Mr. La Follette still controls the Senate, Governor Smith defeated Mr. Roosevelt in New York, and Senator Borah was triumphantly re-elected in Idaho. "Carry on" is the word!

There is just one fact which reconciles us to the thought of Mr. Coolidge continuing in office after March 4th next. We refer to the fact, now reasonably clear, that the President has assimilated the program of the Oulawry of War and made it central to his whole philosophy of international statesmanship. Mr. Davis has mentioned Outlawry only to confuse it with the Bryan treaties, and thus to show that he has something less than no notion at all as to what it means. Mr. La Follette put Outlawry into his platform, understands the project and supports it, but gives it no such important place in his general program of international action as that assigned to his referendum scheme, for example. Mr. Coolidge, on the other hand, who has long been known to hold Senator Borah in great esteem, has come to the point where he puts Outlawry first, and associates the idea with such specific recommendations as prove conclusively that he has grasped intellectually the substance of what he is discussing. Thus in his address, before the Chamber of Commerce, in Washington, on October 23rd last, he spoke these illuminating paragraphs:

> We stand committed to the policy of international conferences, as specific occasions arise, to consider definitely stated international problems . . . and to propose plans for the codification of international law.
>
> Personally I view with favor the attempt to devise constitutional covenants which would look to the outlawing of aggressive war.

If President Coolidge is prepared to proceed undeviatingly along this line, if he were to proclaim his intention by making Senator Borah his Secretary of State, then we are ready to forget and to forgive much. Our first interest and devotion are still for the cause which Mr. La Follette led so triumphantly in this campaign, and which is destined now to move from strength to strength. But failing immediate and complete victory here, there are compensations in Mr. Coolidge.

The newspapers were able to see nothing in the English elections except what they called the smashing Tory triumph. To our way of thinking this was the least significant aspect of the event. Indeed, it was not even a "triumph"! The Tories have a tremendous majority in the House of Commons, it is true, but this majority in the House represents a *minority* of the electorate in the country. What kind of a triumph is it which cannot muster the support of even half the voting population? The real significance of the election lies elsewhere. First we note that the Labor Party, at a time when the tide was running strongly against them, when every advantage of tactical position was in the hands of their opponents, not only held their popular following, but increased it over the last election by 1,000,000 votes. A temporary loss of seats in the Commons, in other words, is more than counter-balanced by the uninterrupted gain in voting strength which marks the record of the Labor Party from the beginning. What has the Party to fear when it continues steadily to extend the area of its control over the public mind? More significant, however, than anything that happened to Labor is the practical disappearance of the Liberal Party. Not only its Parliamentary representation, but also its popular support has disastrously dwindled. Its great men have either gone over to the Tories, like Winston Churchill, or been driven into private life, like Mr. Asquith. Think of the once mighty Lloyd-George leading a little handful of men representing a discouraged, broken and disappearing party. It is to laugh—when one thinks of Lloyd-George! It is to weep—when one thinks of Gladstone, Morley, Harcourt, Campbell-Bannerman, and Asquith! This last election proves conclusively that the two-party system is re-fashioning itself once again out of the chaos of recent political life in England. Liberalism is breaking up. Tory and Labor stand face to face as makers of the future destinies of the Empire.

We hope that Mr. Hughes has heard the news of the recognition of Soviet Russia by France. It is a fortnight or more since this important step was taken by the Herriot government, but we realize that Russian channels of information are not all they should be in Washington, and it is not impossible, therefore, that our eminent Secretary of State is still in ignorance, or thinks it all another "red" conspiracy. When he wakes up, however, he will discover that France rounds out the list of great nations which have resumed relations with Moscow. England, Germany, Italy, China, and now France, have all opened up communications and resumed business. Japan is on the eve of taking the decisive step. These powers evidently think that they can handle the situation without danger of being utterly corrupted and destroyed. The United States, however, has no such confidence. Our statesmen know their own incompetence—that if they should attempt to deal with the Bolsheviki, they would be outwitted like a yokel at a country fair. These statesmen know the fragility of our democracy—that, if it be exposed to the slightest contact with reality, it will go to pieces on the instant. They know also the instability of our people—that if the Russian Communists are once allowed to get at them, the American people will be swept away on a veritable flood of "red" enthusiasm. There is nothing to do, therefore, but bar the gates. Englishmen, Frenchmen, Germans, Italians, they can all be trusted to hold their own—but not Americans! So our dear protectors and guardians in Washington wrap us up in our cotton-wool, and tuck us securely away. It's a wonderful policy—so tender and considerate! But how long can it endure—or rather *we* endure? The Russians can stand it well enough—with England, France, Italy and other countries standing by, our Bolshevik friends are going to get along very well, thank you. But how about ourselves? How long will it take to suffocate us?

Readers of UNITY who have not read "Radicalism in America" an article in October's *Scribner* should do so at once. They will find possibly nothing new, but after all it is good to find respectable confirmation of one's own ideas in highly respectable quarters. Mr. Hullinger, the author of the article in question, is far from being a "Red," but he has a knowledge in regard to the extent of revolutionary propaganda in the United States and some insight into human nature. Having these he explodes the theory of a "Red" revolution in America. In fact, there is nothing left of it. There are some "Reds" in the United States but not all who call themselves "Reds" are of that color. The attacks on them, however, have done just what every student of history and every observer of human nature might have prophesied they would do. Jail and penitentiary sentences for social and political opinions only strengthen those opinions in the minds of the persons who hold them. We disagree with Mr. Hullinger on one point. He says that "no social idea can become aggressive until it is taken up by a group to whom it is—or think it is—a matter of personal advantage." A study of the anti-slavery movement in America reveals the fact that men will give all for ideals without thought of personal advantage. Certainly Garrison had nothing personally at stake in the slavery issue. This is also true of the great body of the men and women who were members of the anti-slavery societies.

The New York *Times*, in an admirable editorial in its issue for October 20th last, raises the question as to who is to be the successor of the late Anatole France as "the towering literary figure in Europe since the departure of Ibsen and Tolstoi." We think its nomination of Thomas Hardy "as the most deserving of the successorship to Anatole France," is sound. This great Englishman was the one rival of France during the

latter's life, and now at his death is his sure successor. At least four of Hardy's novels—"Far From the Madding Crowd," "The Return of the Native," "Tess," and "Jude the Obscure"—are as certain of immortality as any works of fiction written in English in the nineteenth century. Hardy's "The Dynasts" is the greatest single English poem since Milton's "Paradise Lost." Hardy's lyrics, long misunderstood and neglected, are finding their permanent place among the choicest treasures of English literature. Search the world, and where is there the man or woman to dispute the august succession of Ibsen, Tolstoi, France and Hardy? But "there is a spiritual channel between Britain and the Continent," as the *Times* well-points out. France's successor, therefore, must probably be sought in Europe. This being the case, we beg to nominate the great Anatole's own countryman, Romain Rolland. His literary claims are impressive, as see his stupendous "Jean Christophe," his inimitable "Colas Breugnon," his flaming "Clerambault," not to speak of his dramas and biographies. Furthermore, Rolland's reforming zeal, his valiant espousal of unpopular causes, his dedication of his pen to public uses, help to qualify him for this succession. Both men, France and Rolland, will be remembered as prophets as well as artists—like Tolstoi, as humanitarians. There will be many, of course, to dispute this nomination, for Rolland has not yet grown old and thus venerable. He is too much in the thick of the fight to-day not to be hated, as France was hated in the Dreyfus days. But nominations of this kind, after all, amount to little. It is Time that pronounces the verdict. It is simply our judgment in this case that Time will crown Rolland as in the immortal succession.

The situation in the churches is becoming so bad that even the statisticians are giving up hope. Juggle the figures as they will, they find it increasingly difficult to disguise the steady decline in interest and support. Here, for example, is the recent report, presented to the General Council of the Presbyterian Church in the United States by Dr. H. C. Weber, official statistician, which shows that during the past year the church made little or no gain. (The increase in population, we may interpolate, went right on!) Thus in 1923-1924, according to Dr. Weber's figures, the number of new members received into the church was 87,632, an increase wiped out by deaths and withdrawals. "If the Presbyterian church," says the straightforward Dr. Weber, "were functioning to-day as it did in the first period from 1826 to 1834, it would be reporting now 173,000 new converts instead of 87,000." As interesting as the figures is the explanation offered for the sad condition of affairs. Thus, Dr. Weber attributes the facts to the controversies which have been raging in the churches, more particularly the controversy over Harry Emerson Fosdick. This exactly bears out the statement made in these columns on August 7th last, on the occasion of the preliminary announcement of the Presbyterian "slump," that a "fight for a time is great fun . . . but sooner or later comes revulsion." No theological controversy ever does any church permanently any good. But in this case, as in the religious situation generally, there are deeper causes involved than any fortuitous dispute over a dogma or a preacher. The sober fact is that men and women in our time are through with Protestantism. The church organized on the basis of the creed is giving place to the church organized on the basis of the community. We have said this before. We shall say it again.

Religion and Science

A Psychological Interpretation

V.

Solving the Conflict

If the foregoing interpretation of science and religion is sound, and if it be granted that they are both fundamentally composed of attitudes and values, then it may be clearly seen that much of the conflict between the two in the past has been due to misunderstanding. Religion has been identified with the beliefs which in the psychological sense are merely temporary and superficial symbols of the inner reality which is permanent, and science has been identified with a body of dogma and facts, while in the psychological sense it is rather a search and a discipline. If the emphasis is shifted from the outer manifestation which is obviously the least important, and placed upon the inner experience which is the vital phase, then new light is thrown upon the ancient struggle. We are able to disentangle the essential meanings of this complex and by reapportioning the elements of it, clarify it. When we are able to find what is truly and fundamentally religious in a body of doctrine, and what is truly and fundamentally scientific in the opposed doctrine, then the misunderstanding and opposition often disappear. Likewise in the case of a body of tradition which contains both religious and scientific elements, the discovery of what is permanent and elemental in both aspects will make it possible to separate the transient, and then again the complex becomes clarified.

In order to understand this approach to the solution of the conflict, it is necessary to make the distinction between explicit and implicit meaning. The Freudian psychologists make much of this distinction in relation to dreams where the actual dream-image taken by itself

has one obvious or explicit meaning, but which, taken in connection with the individual's wishes and fears may have a hidden or implicit meaning. To get at the real intention or hidden meaning of a dream is the work of the psycho-analyst. And when he is able to find what it *implies* he has the key to the solution of an inner conflict. But Freud and others apply this same method to the interpretation of social psychology, especially with reference to the various forms of primitive religion. Here, also, we have explicit and implicit meaning, and in order to understand the phenomena of any given historic religion we must be able to delve below the surface of its obvious forms, to its basic intention. Doing this, we discover that forms and doctrines do not mean what they seem to explicitly say, but that they are the symbols of some implicit meaning. One does not have to accept all the implications of Freud, especially his over emphasis upon the sexual factor, but here is a method which leads to rich results. A recent and very interesting book utilizing this method is "The Mystery of Religion" by Everett Dean Martin, in which the symbols of religion are analyzed and interpreted as to their fundamental import.

Without any attempt at a full treatment of this subject within the limits of this brief space, let us take a few simple illustrations of conflict and by analyzing them, see what they mean for religion and science, and see how the conflict may be solved.

The real tragedy of the war which has rent the churches through so many centuries, and which breaks out afresh today, lies in the fact that the real issues are not recognized, and hence are not being met. Neither side of the controversy usually sees the inadequacy of its own side, it can only see the apparent blindness of the others.

The actual situation is that a group of men, for the most part unacquainted with scientific method, are debating the problems of science, and pretending to settle them by a religious methodology, while another group of men, often unacquainted with the religious attitudes and values, are endeavoring to settle a problem of religion by a scientific methodology. There is confusion between explicit and implicit meaning.

The questions raised concerning Genesis, the virgin birth and the infallibility of the Bible are cases in point.

First, was the world created in six days by a divine fiat? One group says yes, another says no; but the psychologist would say, what does the author of this account in Genesis really mean? How did he come to write what he did? Why do people believe what he said? And the psychological answer is something like this:

When Genesis was written, there was no differentiation between religion and science. Neither discipline had elaborated a technique of its own whereby it might conduct its investigations. The abstractions "science" and "religion" were not mentioned in the book of Genesis. But the author was both a scientist and a religionist. In the first place he was trying to answer the problems which belong to the astronomer and the geologist today. But in those days astronomy and geology did not exist except in connection with an undifferentiated mass of knowledge and superstition, hope and fear, custom and taboo. The author of this ancient account of the origin of the world asked the age-old but timeless questions, whence, why, whither, when? These are problems of science. But instead of having the tools of scientific research at hand, he had only the most meagre traditions. And therefore, he answered the questions in terms of his day and generation, just as we of today answer the same problem of the creation of the world in terms of contemporaneous knowledge.

Prof. Lane, a biologist, in a recent volume on "Religion and Science," has recognized the fact that the book of Genesis was in large part a book of primitive science, and that the problems dealt with therein are answered in crude and outgrown terms. But the spirit and attitude of the writer was that of a scientist probing, searching, approaching toward the truth. The true nature of the book of Genesis is now beginning to have tardy recognition. We begin to see its real meaning.

If we now look at the conflict between science and Genesis, what do we find? We find that it is a conflict between the science of two or three thousand years ago and the science of today with its advanced instruments of precision and its highly developed technique. The spirit, the attitudes and the values are similar. The modern scientist when he attacks Genesis is attacking one of his own fraternity and is condemning him because he was born some thousands of years ago instead of in the present. What the psychologist does is to marvel that a man living so many years before the doctrine of evolution, should have come so near to the evolutionary concept in his account of the origin of the earth and the various forms of life which appeared upon it.

But the book of Genesis is more than this—it is also an account of a religious man's attitudes and values, expressed in the crude symbols of his day, his religious terminology affected by his contemporary science, poetry, superstition, theology. No man will speak except in terms of the symbols which have meaning for his generation. That is what the author of Genesis did, and that is what we do. When the writer of this ancient book of religion wrote of God and of man's relation to Him, he was trying to express his reverence, his worship, his faith, his aspiration; he was expressing his highest values; he was trying to give a richer meaning to life. His employment of the Father image, and his declaration that man is made in God's image are of course well known psychological devices for expressing the inner religious emotions. The highly wrought imagery of Genesis, like that of other religious literatures such as Mahommedan, Hindu, Christian, etc.,

must be interpreted psychologically in order to understand the implicit meaning.

The movement which in recent years has interpreted the Bible as literature has been wholesome, and has undoubtedly helped toward an understanding of the various forms of its books, but to say that the Bible is literature, such as poetry, history, drama, is certainly inadequate. It is more than all these, though it may employ them all. The Bible is a book of religious experience, and its stories employ the symbolism which have an inner psychological meaning. To miss that meaning is simply to miss the main purpose of the book.

The conflict over the Bible legends therefore becomes a conflict, this time between religious groups. One attaches undue loyalty and significance to the symbol in which the religious meaning is expressed, and would perpetuate this particular form. Such persons are thus expressing *their* reverence, faith and values in symbols adequate to them. The other group, which seems to minimize these symbols and which perhaps tries to do away with them entirely, is likewise actually attaching too much significance to the form. They would be as tenacious of their expressions as they are intolerant of others. The conflict is superficial and continues because neither group senses the fundamental issues. The psychologist asks, what is the inner meaning of this story of Genesis, of this symbol of Father? And he finds that the ancient author and both his defenders and antagonists *mean* the same thing. They are expressing, in forms which have rich association for them, one common emotional motive. The conflict is therefore merely over the explicit meaning. Fundamentally, they are in agreement as to attitudes and values.

Religion is primarily an experience and not a belief. The experience may be one and the same, although the images and objects which express the experience may be diametrically opposite.

Take as another illustration of this point,—the problem of the Trinity, the character of Jesus as the second person in this Trinity, and the Virgin birth as accounting for Christ's miraculous character as "Deŭs Homo." If the conflict is purely over the objective problem of biology (that is, the question of reproduction), then the men who are scientifically equipped with the technique of investigation and research, are the ones to give the decision. Religious men, without this technique had better give up the attempt to lay down scientific laws regarding biology. But that is by no means the whole question. It is a psychological problem as to what the Trinity, and the Virgin birth implicitly mean. These dogmas never arose psychologically as statements of scientific or objective fact. They arose out of the inner urge to symbolize certain experiences which are quite common in religious history and are easy of interpretation when understood as projections of inner needs. The scientist, trying to solve this question on the plane of biology does not even see what the question is. The religionist, feeling the power of the experience which is expressed by the Trinity and the Virgin birth feels that the scientist is blind. The truth is that both groups have blind spots, and both groups have valid experiences which are expressed in symbols incomprehensible to each other.

The same psychological approach should be made to all the religious dogmas which have rent the church and which have evoked conflict with science. We must insist that both science and religion are attitudes and values, and that the objective beliefs in both cases are of minor importance. The scientist, who usually considers himself the more liberal must learn that he has only superficially interpreted the old conflict with religion. He must learn that through certain age-old symbols men have enriched their emotional life, idealized what might otherwise have seemed unbearable, built escapes and compensations, enlarged their horizons and made the universe seem near and friendly. Everett Dean Martin in the volume above referred to puts the matter clearly when he says:

> Now whatever religion may be, it is only incidentally that it is a matter of opinion about subjects that might better be left to science. Whenever people discuss the question of religion as if it were primarily the problem of the nature and process of creation . . . you may be sure that they have forgotten for the time what religion is really about. Religion is not primarily something which we are taught to believe about something not ourselves. It concerns our unrecognized yes and no, our personal reactions and subtlest motives, the emotional solution of the relation between the rating at which we would take ourselves and the realities to which we react.

Not only has the scientist a lesson to learn about religion, but so has the religionist. He has not understood himself, he has not comprehended the full significance of his ideas, nor has he realized why these ideas have been employed in religious experience.

The solution of this conflict therefore would seem to be a new approach to the entire complex, and a new understanding of both science and religion. When people come to see that both these branches of human interest are fundamentally subjective, and not to be measured in either case primarily by the objective standard, then they will be able to achieve a solution and a synthesis. Scientific ideas are relative and temporary. Religious ideas are but signs of something deeper within. The conflict between the ideas vanishes when we realize that the ideas are superficial and tentative. The synthesis occurs when we realize that science and religion are but two ways of looking at life, each enriching and having validity, both mutual, neither exclusive of the other.

And this does not mean that we are to resort to the old solution of disbarring the intellect from the field of religion, or to set up watertight compartments each of which contains separate categories. To say that science and religion are different is to tell an obvious truth. But to say that therefore reason must be confined to one and emotion to the other is to propose both an

untruth and an impossibility. Today we look upon man as one, not as divided into separable faculties. Even the purest kind of reasoning such as that involved in a mathematical formula awakens trains of emotional associations, and the most powerful emotional experiences often start processes of rationalization.

The solution does not lie in separating the inseparable, nor yet does it lie in substituting one for the other, as is sometimes proposed. Neither science nor religion need be abandoned or absorbed. The true solution lies in understanding more fully than ever before the part which both reason and emotion play in human life. Reason therefore is not to rob religion of its emotional content. It is rather to help us recognize the operations of emotion, to guide it, and assist it in finding its most effective expression. Nor is emotion to be banished from science. Without emotional drives, man's intellectual loyalties weaken. Reason must learn to invoke the aid of emotion, and emotion must submit to the guidance of reason. This is the way to the richest and most meaningful life.

This, instead of being higher criticism, is deeper criticism. This frees both science and religion from fear of each other or hostility toward each other. This gives us a religion which cannot be shaken by every wind of doctrine that blows through the world. It gives us a science which cannot be destroyed by new discoveries and methods. It provides a basis in a new kind of authority, namely, the authority of experience. It does away with conflict, not by harmonizing temporary, ever shifting beliefs, but by revealing the deep and elementary meaning of the beliefs. This would emancipate religion from dependence upon geology or biology, and therefore allow these disciplines freedom from any attempted control. It would no longer fear evolution or ductless glands, because no longer dependent upon what men thought regarding them. Peace would come to this battle field.

But there is one kind of conflict which might, and undoubtedly would remain, and that is, the conflict of attitudes and values. It would be the eternal struggle between the "tough minded" and the "tender minded," of what Jung, a more recent psychologist calls the "extravert" and the "intravert." Perhaps, like the fabled East and West, these opposite temperaments will never meet. Perhaps there will always be an impassable chasm of difference between the fanciful and the factful, the doer and the dreamer. The rhapsodies of the poet, and the experiences of the religious mystic may be an eternally closed door to the man who spends his time watching atoms or counting money.

Science and religion may spring from attitudes widely divergent, and thus, despite a mutually recognized differentiation of function, there may be a never ending hostility between the two. The values sought and taught by one group may always seem inferior to the values of the other group. The one temperament may always underestimate the importance, both to the individual and to society, of the experience of the other.

To this impasse, rooted in the fundamental qualities of our human nature, our interpretation of science and religion offers no solution. This essay is not an attempt at making over human nature, it is merely an endeavor to interpret certain phases of it.

But is even this type of conflict necessarily inevitable? Or rather is it not the result of a one-sided and faulty education, and thus of a misunderstanding?

We often accentuate the war of temperaments, by assuming that an individual is possessed of one and only one temperament, or dominant characteristic. But this is probably far from the truth. Personality has the habit of escaping the confines of our text-book categories. The cashier in the counting house, or the research student in the laboratory, accounted tough-minded by their neighbors, may slyly keep an eye open for the first hepatica in the Spring and may secretly feed a starved soul on romance at the movies, or may love to wander hand in hand with the one beautiful and perfect being beneath the benediction of the "spiritual stars" and by the same token, your poet, descending from Olympus, and stabling Pegasus in the garage, may loudly demand baked beans and pumpkin pie.

So with the religious and scientific temperaments. An individual may be predominantly one or the other, most of the time, but this does not mean that he is exclusively one or the other all of the time. The scientist may well feel the perennial need of worship, and like all men he may hunger for spiritual refreshment and a renewing of his faith. So may the religious man, breaking the bounds of his experience, want to see the wheels of the universe go round, and join in the fascinating search for electrons or Mendelian traits. On every side curiosity as to the causes and laws of life stimulate the reason, and lead his interests into the fields of science. It is an artificial and narrow conception of human nature which separates these two experiences into the possessions of mutually exclusive temperaments.

Man is a many-sided being, he possesses many needs and drinks from many springs. He is mountain peak and pleasant valley, he is poet and star-gazer, he is the stern tamer of the storm. He is scientist and mystic, lover and warrior. These diverse experiences, seeming to war endlessly against each other, become one in man, because man is one. They are synthesized into a deep and rich humanity, because all the experiences of life are but broken arcs which finally find their place in the perfect round.

CLARENCE R. SKINNER.

Jottings

Countee P. Cullen, the Negro student in New York University, who has won two notable prizes as a poet, has poems in *four* of this month's leading magazines—the *Mercury,* the *Bookman, Harper's,* and the *Century.* Will somebody please name one even of our most famous poets to-day who has a record that can equal this.

The price of bread in France increased on October 21st last to 1 franc 35 centimes a kilo. This price, reckoned in American terms, means 3.2 cents a pound. Bread in America still sells at about 9 cents a pound. Yet President Coolidge declares that this country excels all others in the measure of its blessings.

Robert Graves, the English poet, writing of his fellow-craftsmen and their work during the Great War, remarks that John Masefield "did not mention the War at all, so far as I can discover." This means that Mr. Graves has forgotten "August—1914," which is more than some of the rest of us have done. This poem, in our judgment, is destined to outlive every other poem produced in this enormous time.

What becomes of the campaign biographies? We have heard of four biographies of Coolidge; and one of Davis appeared less than three weeks before the election. La Follette has told his own story so well, that apparently nobody else has thought it necessary to go over the ground again. The Wisconsin Senator is a wise man.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra has evidently found in Koussevitsky, the Russian, another conductor of the first rank. This means that the band, superbly restored from disaster by Monteux, will regain the position of supremacy occupied in the days of Gericke and Muck. This is news at which every music-lover in the land will heartily rejoice.

The *New Student* took a straw vote among college students in October with this result: Coolidge, 30,-141; Davis, 13,825; La Follette, 7,491. These figures, as the editor of the *New Student* remarks, show "a trend of thinking among undergraduates" which is "overwhelmingly conservative." The same is true of English universities. We wonder why! J. H. H.

An Old Lincoln Story: A Post-Election Memory

While the Whig and Democratic parties differed in regard to a bank, the tariff distribution, the specie circular, and the subtreasury, they agreed on the great slavery question which now agitates the Union. I say that the Whig party and the Democratic party agreed on the slavery question, while they differed on those matters of expediency to which I have referred. The Whig party and the Democratic party jointly adopted the compromise measure of 1850 as the basis of a proper and just solution of the slavery question in all its forms. Clay was the great leader, with Webster on his right and Cass on his left, and sustained by the patriots in the Whig and Democratic ranks.

Thus spoke Judge Douglas in his famous debate with Lincoln in 1858. He recognized that there were no fundamental differences between the two great parties. The real issue was not between them. On the question that agitated the nation they stood on the same platform. Their feet were firmly planted on the solid rock of the latest compromise, which had taken the place of all the earlier compromises.

"But in 1854," Douglas continued, "Mr. Abraham Lincoln and Mr. Lyman Trumbull entered into an arrangement, one with the other, and each with his respective friend, to dissolve the old Whig party on the one hand, and to dissolve the old Democratic party on the other, and to connect the members of both into an Abolition party, under the name and disguise of a Republican party."

The underlying motive, he suggested, was political ambition. Lincoln wanted the place of General Shields in the United States Senate, and Trumbull wanted the seat that Douglas held in that body.

As to the manner in which the conspiracy was carried out Douglas had this to say:

Lincoln went to work to abolitionize the old Whig party all over the State, pretending that he was then as good a Whig as ever; and Trumbull went to work in his part of the State preaching abolitionism in its milder and lighter form, and trying to abolitionize the Democratic party. In pursuance of the arrangement, the parties met at Springfield in October, 1854, and proclaimed their new platform.

In other words, he charged Lincoln with "boring from within," disloyalty to party. He had himself at that time broken with the administration, but he was still a Democrat. He appealed to Whigs and Democrats alike to stand together as patriots in support of the American institution of slavery; but he denied the right of Whigs and Democrats to work within their respective parties against what they regarded as an iniquitous system.

Another charge followed.

"While in Congress," Douglas declared, "Lincoln distinguished himself by his opposition to the Mexican war, taking the side of the common enemy against his own country; and when he returned home he found that the indignation of the people followed him everywhere, and he was again submerged or obliged to retire to private life, forgotten by his former friends."

To Douglas it seemed certain that a man who, like Lincoln, had been discredited in public opinion and branded as a traitor to his country because he opposed in Congress, and persistently refused to admit the justice of, a war in which the government had engaged could never rise again from under the avalanche of obloquy heaped on him. He deserved to be covered with disgrace and consigned to oblivion.

There was still another charge to be made. While Lincoln was opposed to the war against Mexico, he continued, Douglas said, "his warfare on the Supreme Court of the United States and its decision."

Douglas believed that the Constitution of the United States sanctioned slavery, as slaves were property. He

also held the opinion that the Supreme Court had a right to render null and void a law passed by Congress, restricting slavery. He knew, of course, that the Constitution nowhere confers this right upon the Court, and that it has appellate jurisdiction only "with such exceptions and under such regulations as the Congress shall make." But he shared the view that it is expedient to let the Court define its own jurisdiction, and to accept its decisions as final. Lincoln denounced the Dred Scott decision, denied the right of the Court to nullify legislation by Congress, and expressed the fear that the Court and the regard for its decisions would be used by "the reigning dynasty" as means for perpetuating and nationalizing slavery.

Referring to the oft quoted language of the Declaration of Independence, Douglas observed:

I do not question Mr. Lincoln's conscientious belief that the negro was made his equal, and hence his brother; but for my own part, I do not regard the negro as my equal, and positively deny that he is my brother or any kin to me whatever.

In his rebuttal, Lincoln denied that there had been any arrangement between Judge Trumbull and himself with reference to senatorial seats or any bargaining to sell out the Whig or the Democratic party. He alluded, without comment, to Mr. Lovejoy's complaint that Lincoln "had told the old Whigs in his district that the old Whig party was good enough for them." The question of abolitionizing the two parties, of "boring from within" he passed by in silence, obviously willing to leave it to the common sense and the common honesty of his hearers to decide for themselves what their duty in this respect was when a great moral issue had arisen and made a new cleavage inevitable.

Concerning his war record Lincoln said:

Whenever the Democratic party tried to get me to vote that the war had been righteously begun by the president, I would not do it. But whenever they asked for money, or land-warrants, or anything to pay the soldiers there, during all that time, I gave the same vote that Judge Douglas did. You can think as you please whether that was consistent.

In regard to the Supreme Court Lincoln remarked:

This man sticks to a decision which forbids the people of a territory to exclude slavery, and he does so not because he says it is right in itself—he does not give any opinion on that—but because it has been decided by the Court, and being decided by the Court, he is, and you are, bound to take it in your political action as law—not that he judges at all of its merits, but because a decision of the court is to him a "Thus saith the Lord." The next decision, as much as this, will be a "Thus saith the Lord." It is nothing to him that his great prototype, General Jackson, did not believe in the binding force of decisions. It is nothing to him that Jefferson did not so believe.

On the great question itself that agitated the nation, he said:

I ask you to consider whether, so long as the moral constitution of men's minds shall continue to be the same, after this generation and assemblage shall sink into the grave, and another race shall arise with the same moral and intellectual development we have—whether if that institution is standing in the same irritating position in which it now is, it will not continue an element of division. I believe we shall not have peace upon the question until the opponents of slavery arrest the further spread of it, and place it where the public mind shall rest in the belief that it is in course of ultimate extinction.

Stephen A. Douglas was re-elected to the Senate in 1858. He was defeated for the Presidency by Abraham Lincoln in 1860. Lyman Trumbull remained in the Senate until 1873, and wrote the Thirteenth Amendment, adopted in 1865.

This old, old story of Lincoln and his time suggests how curiously history repeats itself, or since it never quite repeats itself, what strikingly analogous situations it creates. A defense of Lincoln would seem to be a work of supererogation to-day when his personality is universally revered, at home and abroad, in the South as well as in the North, and his name is enshrined in the grateful memory of mankind. But the tale has been told once more with an ulterior object. It is natural for us who love and admire Lincoln to look with disgust, or at least with deep regret, at the charges preferred against him by Douglas, that he was a wretched plotter within his party, a citizen disloyal to his country, an enemy of the Constitution and the Supreme Court. Yet what judgment would we pass upon a man, following the same principles, acting in the same manner, in a similar historic situation? That is the acid test of our sincerity. We would fain believe that Lincoln is the wisest, bravest, and noblest of American statesmen. What do we really think of the things he stood for, the views he held and expressed, the positions he took on public questions, the strong convictions to which he was faithful even unto death? The answer may have a decisive influence upon our line of action in the crisis through which the nation is now passing.

Cornell University, Ithaca. NATHANIEL SCHMIDT.

A Quaker in Germany

Back in the war days it was my fortune, for a little while, to be one of a group of Quaker workers who, in the midst of the mire and devastation of the war country, came in touch with various groups of German prisoners-of-war. They sometimes worked for us, and sometimes merely were our neighbors, working for the French.

Sorrowful figures they were, and there was little enough that we could do to relieve their misery. They knew at least that we felt kindly towards them and that, perhaps, meant something in the atmosphere of hostility engendered by the war.

When circumstances parted us I took the names of those of whom I had seen most, and an annual word of greeting kept us in touch with one another. After five years the concern came to me that I should go to Germany, where I had never been before, and seek out my prisoner-friends. I would go to their homes and see for myself the conditions under which they were living. So I wrote that we were coming, and set sail armed with a dictionary and a phrase-book for I knew no German, and I realized that travel would not be without difficulty. I could talk French with all my friends.

As it was closest to my port of landing, Hamburg, I decided to make my first visit with Otto Rudolph, Mastermaeler, of Moorhausen in the North Sea Country.

Moorhausen is a tiny hamlet of perhaps seven houses and a few scattered farms, perhaps thirty miles to the north of the lovely old town of Oldenburg. It is the Viking country, and the people of that section have the blond hair and the valiant bearing of their Viking ancestors. . . .

At Wüsting, the nearest station, Herr Rudolph came

to meet me on his bicycle which he dismounted so as to walk beside me, and we turned down the country road towards his village:

"You have a bicycle," I said by way of conversation. "In France I have one, too."

"Can you ride?" he exclaimed eagerly. "Please wait a moment." He disappeared round the corner of the inn and in a moment reappeared with a woman's bicycle he had borrowed, and in the twinkling of an eye I had mounted and we were spinning together along the brick-paved road, while my heart sang within me.

We sped through open fields of rye and potatoes, and now and again through patches of red-stemmed pine woods. Along the sandy roadside were clumps of small pink flowers that were new to me, and here and there glorious masses of blue lupen just coming into bloom. Across the flat meadows we saw herds of cattle grazing and half hidden in trees the red tiled roofs of half-timbered farm houses with an occasional wind-mill. The fresh air from the North Sea blew in our faces and in our ears was the music of the birds. It was all too soon that we left the main road and turned down a grassy lane, beside a big thatched farm house concealed under its roof like a snail under its shell.

It was not to the farm house that we were bound, I learned, but to the little barn with the patched roof, half thatch, half tile, behind. As we approached, the door burst open and out rushed a little rosy boy of three years old, in tiny breeches as much patched as the roof, running joyfully to greet his father.

A moment later we had passed through the dirt-floored barn, the home, as I observed, of the family goats and chickens, into a little room built on behind. It was an admirably neat and cozy sitting-room with a big sofa, a table, a ward-robe, a chest of drawers, and two small casement windows overlooking a small vegetable garden. On one side a door led into a tiny kitchen, built under the eaves, on the other another door led into a corresponding bedroom where there was one big bed and a small one of boards built against it.

Frau Rudolph came from the kitchen as we approached, a lovely looking woman of about thirty with the appearance and the poise of a Brunhilde. We sat down and breakfasted together on bread and fresh country butter and cheese and coffee. Towards noon the older child, a boy of eight, came in, and my heart sank as I looked at him. He was in every way a contrast to his hearty, merry little brother. He was pale and silent, smiling nervously all the time, and his father told me it was difficult for him to keep up with his studies at school. He told me further that during the four and a half years of his captivity, the mother and child, an infant at the outset, had lived together at that tiny place on an income of from fifteen to twenty marks per month, and I learned too that during the winter the snow piled up to the window ledges, and the wind blew in a steady gale from the North Sea.

There was a midday-meal of chicken soup with rice, stewed chicken, boiled potatoes, rhubarb sauce and custard pudding. It was all excellent, and I ate heartily and took two helpings of each dish. The older boy sat opposite me at the table watching me intently, and I was troubled to see that he scarcely ate at all.

Then early in the afternoon came the young school mistress with a dish of scarlet strawberries in her hand. She was dressed plainly in black, and she looked like an Albrecht Dürer virgin. Her blond hair was brushed back from her face and knotted on her neck. Her skin was white and pink, and her eyes were softly blue. She drooped slightly as she stood, and it was easy to visualize the infant Jesus in her arms.

For an interval the school-mistress and I were left alone together. I took a deep breath of the fresh, bracing air as I looked about at the handful of houses that constituted the tranquil village. "What a life of peace," I said; "it makes one envious."

Her eyes filled with tears. "If you could see the life these people lead," she said, "it is terrible." Last winter Herr Rudolph had no work at all during five whole months. There was no fuel and the snow lay a meter deep on the ground. He had to go through the snow to the forest every day to cut wood. The hardship is too great for anyone, and they are so fine. You do not know."

One of the neighbors passed, a wrinkled old woman with a great brick of bread that must have weighed five pounds. There was no doubt that her life had been a hard one, though she smiled and was unfeignedly interested that I was an Americaner. She had a son in Illinois.

A table with a striped cloth was brought from the house and placed in the least windy spot that could be found near the barn—on it we put the school-mistress' strawberries, cookies and a big pot of coffee, and we sat down together presently joined by the postman of the night before, clean and speck-and-span and smiling.

In the talk that followed the postman proved himself immensely valuable as an interpreter. He had spent five years as a prisoner in Marseille, and had there learned to speak French fluently. Both Otto Rudolph and the schoolmistress spoke French, but haltingly and with the aid of the dictionaries that they both carried. But when the postman came speech ran smoothly and the talk began.

It was nine o'clock before we left off and throughout the afternoon the interest never for a moment flagged.

Presently and irresistibly we touched upon the war. The school-mistress laid her work-stained hand over her eyes and wept.

"They called us baby-killer," she said, using the English phrase. "During the blockade three times there were children in my classes so ill that I sent them home, where the same afternoon they died of hunger—my mother-in-law died of hunger, that is why I wear black—and at this moment my own parents want for food.

"In the town of Oldenburg which is my husband's home, there are many, many old people who, after working all their lives had put away sufficient money, as they supposed, to insure them an independent old age. Now absolutely nothing is left to them. All the savings of Germany have been wiped out, as you know. Sometimes they own their own homes and there, silent and unseen, they are perishing from need. A Society of young Oldenburgers has been organized. They go every Sunday to the forests and chop wood for these unhappy people. There are also public kitchens where an effort is made to feed the old people, and here the younger people give their time and work. No stranger would ever see the need, for it is kept hidden, but the suffering is terrible."

I asked what they believed to have been the origin of the war, and they answered unhesitatingly: "Edward VII with his Policy of Encirclement." Germany had been deliberately surrounded by jealous enemies in collusion. To defend herself Germany had been forced to build up her military strength. The result had been inevitable.

They were all on edge with the feeling of injustice done them, before the war and after. I asked if the elections had not somewhat reassured them as to

the future. "I know many French," I said, "who were opposed to Poincaré and his policies. It was only the French's fear of further invasion that gave Poincaré his power," and I tried to make clear that even at its harshest France's policy had been dictated rather by fear than the spirit of revenge."

"If we could only trust them," they said sadly, "but we cannot."

"That is exactly what the French have said to me of you a thousand times," I told them, "and they agreed that the people everywhere were the same, and all the dupes of their governments." "But some day," they insisted again and again, "the truth will be known." "It is the lying newspapers in every country," the postman said. "How can the people know the truth?" And I was greatly interested to have them agree unanimously that the people who in the world were most willing to accept the statement of the newspapers and least ready to think for themselves were the Americans. "The Germans," they said, "are too individualistic to be so led."

Towards evening the schoolmaster-husband of the schoolmistress joined us, and we moved the table back to the sitting room, and under the electric light the talk continued.

In a thick French, very difficult to understand, the schoolmaster told me that a strong religious movement had during the past years sprung up in Germany. "I myself," he said solemnly, "found my God upon the battlefield."

I told them of Henry Demont of Paris, the French officer and author of that valiant book "Le Crime la Guerre," who on the field had taken oath dedicating the remainder of his life to combatting war. He was truly keeping his oath, and he, I told them, was one of the many French who was their friend and not their enemy. "The religion of the future," I said, "must be a religion that refuses to countenance war. If once the churches were united on this matter war would cease at once."

"There will always be wars," the schoolmistress cried vehemently, and the postman said "Yes, it is the law of nature. The strong shall crush the weak that they may themselves survive."

"Have you ever thought of what has come to pass in the animal world?" I urged, and quoting from good Dr. Dole of Boston, "which is the stronger, the tiger or the sheep? How many tigers are there in the world today, how many sheep? The meek shall inherit the earth."

The idea caught them all, and for a moment there was silence. Then the postman said, "But what you say is the dream of the idealist." "It is what the early Christians professed"—then after a pause—"and we profess it, too, and deny it in the same breath."

Berlin, Germany. MARY KELSEY.

Drink, Dope and a Conference

I suppose it is perfectly true that thousands of well-meaning men and women to whom the so-called liquor traffic has been and still is a grave social problem, full of portent for the future of the human race, have never even considered the fact that there is in the traffic in drugs an even greater menace.

Indeed, I have found it to be almost universally true that crusaders are capable of but one thought at a time —in which respect, doubtless, they are like other people. If they are devoted to propaganda for the Single Tax, for example, they are more than likely to have little time or energy for propaganda, let us say, against lynching. They will argue that if their pet reform can be effected, all—or at least most—other evils will disappear.

Now, as to liquor and drugs, the professional prohibitionist will probably be shocked to learn that there is any connection whatever between the two subjects. He will not wish to concede that the dope habit in America has increased alarmingly since the enactment of the prohibition law. But, his dogma aside, the fact is that this is the case; and, strangely enough, it is a thing that almost everyone ignores—regardless of personal views on prohibition; not even the "wets" seem to realize what practically every physician knows—that whereas dope taking was relatively a minor problem ten years ago it is today a matter of vital and ever-increasing significance. In a word: dope has become an epidemic, in a sense that drink never was.

A small minority in Europe and in this country is awake to the dreadful possibilities of the situation. In November, when the International Opium Conference meets in Geneva, the subject should come before the world in all its seriousness. Meantime, it would be well for us all to prepare for action. There is need for a certain courage characteristic of minorities—the courage which, plus the knowledge, makes public opinion and, through public opinion, law.

In a pamphlet on the Geneva conference, Julia Ellsworth Ford says: "No effort to abolish the opium trade can be successful unless there is a strong, vigorous public opinion back of it."

To me it seems that Mrs. Ford has stated the whole question in this single sentence, obvious though it may be. If people at large understood the magnitude, the power (or weakness, possibly), the social menace of the dope trade—if people *knew*—the problem could be solved within a single year.

It is a matter of supply. Dope could be controlled at its source in a way that drink never could.

Mrs. Ford points out that "the three nations primarily responsible are Great Britain, Persia and Turkey."

Great Britain has a labor government. Surely no one need argue about the opium trade with enlightened men like Ramsay MacDonald, Philip Snowden and Sidney Webb; they *know* what dope does to body, mind and soul.

Persia and Turkey, producing but a small fraction of the world's total of opium, can be controlled; they are already controlled by Great Britain, France and the United States in countless other matters.

The point is to bring the right kind of pressure upon the British and the American governments.

With Britain the aspect of the subject most likely to be troublesome is that of the sale and use of opium in India. Here is, no doubt, a real dilemma. Mrs. Ford tells us that "there are 7,000 shops in India and hundreds of chests of opium are sold every month at public auction." To terminate traffic of such proportions is no easy business. But it could be done—providing the *will* to do it were available.

A cause, like a man, may be judged by the company it keeps. When one observes men like the Rt. Hon. Sastri and Mr. P. W. Wilson defending opium, and men like

Gandhi, Tagore, Lajpat Rai, Syud Hossain, and the Rev. C. F. Andrews, and women like Miss Ellen La Motte and Mrs. Ford attacking it, one has no hesitancy in aligning one's self with the latter. The record of Mr. Wilson as an apologist for the crimes of British imperialism is too well known to require further comment.

Referring again to special interest, the world does not realize that opium is a source of great profit—in pounds and pence—to Great Britain. That is, probably, the crux of the whole business. The age-old spectacle of vice protected for its money-making possibilities!

But just as the United States must manage to get along without the revenue from the liquor trade so must Britain eventually manage without revenue from opium.

I am not optimistic about the likelihood of good results from any activity on the part of the League of Nations. In the matter of opium as in other things the League has failed and will fail; it is a house built upon sand. It seems that Mrs. Ford shares this feeling, for she protests against holding the conference in Geneva, suggesting London as a desirable alternative.

My faith is in the people—English, Indian and American. They *can* do something about dope just as they have done something about chattel slavery.

That something must be done is not debatable. There are already over one million consumers of opium in the United States alone. Have you one of this multitude in your own family circle? Do you want someone near and dear to you to become an addict? Certainly not. Then do your part in this present effort to stop the trade at its source.

You probably know what is best for you to do. If not, write to the White Cross Anti-Narcotic Society, Seattle, Wash., for information and instruction.

JAMES WALDO FAWCETT.

THE STUDY TABLE

"Where Green Lanes End"*

Coleridge was speaking sound psychology when he told us,

> O Lady! We receive but what we give,
> And in our life alone does nature live
> Ours is her wedding garment, ours her shroud!

which is not, of course, an apology for nature-faking or for sentimentality—which is almost the same thing—in our attitude toward nature. Most nature-writers fake or sentimentalize because they do not look at nature with an innocent eye, but are looking for something which they may bend to their own ends: if they see a bird building a nest they feel impelled to write about mother-love as we have it among human beings. Such a train of thought, highly serious though it might be, would hardly leave enough attention for the average nature writer to catch a little detail like this—which is one of many such details caught by Helen Swift in this small but beautiful book of delicate perceptions:

> Two blue-jays are building in a linden. Such busy birds they are! Such rapid trips, each time with a grass or a twig in the beak! And how beautiful they are, as their feathers catch the glint of the sun! So swiftly do they work that they are momentarily in danger of collisions. Indeed, once their wings brushed, but with a whir they righted themselves, and resumed their ways—one to, and the other from the nest which is perched just above a green can inhabited by a family of wrens, . . .

That is close and unusual observation, and this book is full of it—of little dramatic surprises, punctuating and sharpening the lyrical quality of the book. Perhaps some reader will object that in a book of nature essays there should not be green cans for wrens to build in—and it is true that some of these sketches are of a locality which the author invaded and insisted on sharing with the birds. But that is a very interesting chapter, for she records with humor the aloof yet not unfriendly way in which the birds received human advances, and one experiment she made was most interesting. She had heard that orioles liked oranges, so she halved some and hung them up in the trees. Not only orioles but other birds welcomed the innovation—artificial and over-luxuriant as it may seem to Puritans—and the hanging oranges were seldom without their thirsty visitors.

From these intimate scenes of the life that can be shared between man and the creatures of the wild the author proceeds to the wider and less humanized aspects of nature: landscape and cloud, things that we can only accept and allow to express for us feelings which seem to find no other embodiment than in landscape.

And then the author returns to the contemplation of what is, this time, specifically human: to studies of the dwellers in the country and by the inland lakes. Although they are character sketches rather than stories, "The Chicken Woman and the Hen Man" and "Zachariah Jones" were included by O'Brien in his list of best fiction of 1923, and they deserve such inclusion for their fresh presentation of characters who are not only unusually but sharply idiosyncratic. The first of them is deliciously humorous with its revelation of something much akin to our most modern sophistication—besides a hint of mystery—in the lives of two people who, to the ordinary observer, would be mere clodhoppers.

LLEWELLYN JONES.

"Tolerance"

This* is a welcome reprint of Phillips Brooks's two lectures on this great topic which speedily became a classic upon its original publication in 1887. The book reads as well as ever. But what imp of the perverse persuaded the house of Dutton to present the volume to its new generation of readers with an Introduction by Nicholas Murray Butler, of all persons in the world? Perhaps they hoped to establish, through the unsuspecting presence of this distinguished bigot, the need in our time for the great Bishop's word. We advise our friends not to let this Introduction spoil their pleasure in the book itself. By those who have weak stomachs, it can be skipped; by others it should be perused as an occasion of "innocent merriment."

* "Where Green Lanes End," by Helen Swift. (B. W. Huebsch: New York.)

* "Tolerance," by Phillips Brooks. Published by E. P. Dutton & Company, New York.

CORRESPONDENCE

JASPER T. DOUTHIT: A GREAT RELIGIOUS PIONEER AT NINETY. AN APPRECIATION

My dear Brother Douthit:

I am very glad that your near-by friends have planned a celebration of your ninetieth birthday, which you so well deserve; and I am very sorry I cannot be there. There will be many present who love you, and many letters from friends who love you; but among all those who are represented, either in person or by their pens, I doubt if there will be many, if any, who love and honor you more than I do. Few there will be who have known you so long, or who appreciate so deeply the large, long-continued, many-sided, sincere, and important work which you have been doing for more than three-quarters of a century, for Shelbyville, for all that section of the state of Illinois, and for the whole liberal Christian cause in this country.

God has been very kind to you in giving you the privilege of doing such a work, and permitting you to continue it so long; and He has been very kind to your community and to your state and to the Unitarian denomination in giving you to us all.

It must be over fifty years since I first met you, and over forty since I first broke bread with you in your own home, and had the privilege of preaching for you. I remember that at that time you took me into the country to one of your little churches, where I spoke to a sympathetic and eager company on the text, "Fear not, little flock; it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the Kingdom." Of course the names of the persons I met I cannot recall, but I well remember the time and the place, the cordiality with which I was met, the earnestness of the people, the fine fraternal spirit manifested among all, and your own warm and dear fellowship.

Oh, how many, many prized recollections I have, my dear brother, of you and yours! Recollections a few (How I wish there were more!), of your noble wife, who was your dear companion and invaluable helper so many years; and of your wonderful daughter, Winifred, who has made so much out of her brave life; and your son in business, with whom I had the privilege of only a slight acquaintance; and your preacher son, who for many years has been doing such excellent work among our New England churches; recollections of your paper, "Best Words," that little missive of "sweetness and light" which came to me as an always welcome angel of cheer nearly or quite every month during all the years of its useful life; recollections of yourself at our Unitarian Conferences in the West, where your presence was always an inspiration and where your voice was always in support of the highest and best things in our liberal faith; recollections of meeting you in the East, at our great national Unitarian gatherings, where you were always welcome and appreciated and where your presence was seen too seldom; and recollections of your admirable and really wonderful Lithia Chautauqua, which for nearly a generation was such a wide-reaching educational influence in all that section of the country, and which, I am glad to remember, I had the great privilege of attending during two of its annual sessions,—giving you such small help as I was able.

And what happy recollections I have of some of your honored and beloved friends, who in many ways were associated with you and your work, and who always come instinctively to my mind when I think of you. It will be fitting if I recall some of these.

1. Robert Collyer, the man with the great brain and the great heart, after whom you named one of your sons,—who often spoke of you, who always thought of you with affection, and who wrote that fascinating leaflet about you, "A Story of the Prairies," which like a singing bird has flown away and away among many scores of our churches, singing its sweet song of human love and divine love.

2. William G. Eliot, of St. Louis, who built up such a strong church, was so great a leader in public education and many social reforms, and who founded and nourished to strength the great Washington University, and who was almost a father to you.

3. Edward Everett Hale, of Boston, that mighty leader among our churches, who had the energy of a dozen men, whose tongue and pen were always busy supporting good causes, and who let all the world see more clearly than it had ever seen before that Liberal Christianity means not only great religious teachings, but deeds, deeds of every kind of uplift and service to humanity.

4. James Freeman Clarke, of Boston, our Unitarian saint, prophet and scholar; our Isaiah, our St. John, our second Channing; whom all our churches loved, whom all Boston loved and honored, and whom many of us believe was as true a teacher of the real religion of Jesus as the world has ever known.

5. Finally, Jenkin Lloyd Jones, of Chicago, our western Edward Everett Hale and Theodore Parker combined, who built up the Abraham Lincoln Centre, a great institution of daring religious study, literary culture, popular education and reforms of many kinds; editor of UNITY, the most independent, outspoken and able organ of advanced religious thought in America; a preacher and lecturer who carried great messages of reasonable religion, of noble living and true patriotism all over the West; for many years the best known and (as I believe) the most influential clergyman in the great city in which he lived; and (as should not be forgotten) the man who did more than any other to create and carry to success the wonderful Parliament of Religions of 1893 (in connection with the great Columbian World's Fair), in which for the first time in human history eminent representatives of all the leading religions of mankind met together for brotherly fellowship and conference.

All these men (as well as many others almost as noble and well known) were your personal friends and co-workers. All loved you, all greatly appreciated your arduous, unselfish and efficient life of service of God and humanity, and all rendered you help in such ways as they were able, in your Chautauqua work and otherwise. And it is inspiring to call to mind how efficiently you helped all of them in their mission as Unitarian preachers. I mean, how much of their best thought, how many of the very finest and most inspiring passages from their sermons and printed works, you always selected and printed in your "Best Words," thus sending them broadcast as "leaves of healing" and messages of spiritual power to hundreds and thousands of persons who but for you would never have received or known them.

My dear brother, I always think of you as a sort of compound man, a sort of combination of five men, each one of whom has done a work of human helpfulness greater than it falls to the lot of most of us to do.

First, I think of you as for many years in your youth and early manhood an ardent and courageous anti-slavery worker,—serving that great cause in every way in your power, at a time when all but the bravest shrank and left others to do the work and face the dangers.

Second, I think of you as a life-long temperance worker,—one who very early learned by tragic experience what a destroyer of men and women, and homes and communities, the drink demon is, and who, as a consequence, early enlisted as a soldier to fight the demon, with all the energies that God might give you, as long as you lived or until the victory was won. I know, and all your friends know, that for fully seventy years you have been one of the most devoted and efficient foes of liquor and helpers of the temperance cause in all your section of the country.

Third, I think of you as an educator, really a great educator; because you had the wisdom and the genius very early to recognize the importance and the value of that unique movement for popular education which sixty or seventy years ago, was inaugurated by Bishop Vincent on the shore of Lake Chautauqua in the State of New York, and to see that just such a movement for popular education would be of great service in your part of the great West. You saw that to attempt it would be a very difficult task. You would have to do it almost single-handed; there would be almost universal indifference, and even strong opposition. But the very difficulties only spurred you on. You attempted, and you wonderfully succeeded. As long as any of the men, women or children of the present generation in Shelby County live, you will be remembered with gratitude, appreciation and honor as the man who created and carried on for so many years, with such wisdom and distinction, the remarkable Lithia Chautauqua.

Fourth, I love to think of you, as Robert Collyer and Dr. Eliot and Freeman Clarke and Dr. Hale and Jenkin Lloyd Jones and so many others always loved to think of you, as a devoted, ardent, unafraid and invincible pioneer of Unitarianism in the great Mississippi Valley. Throughout a long, long life you have never ceased to "lift up your voice like a trumpet" (always a silver trumpet with never a harsh or unkind note), to proclaim everywhere the high gospel of the Universal Fatherhood and the Universal Brotherhood—the gospel which sometime, sometime will save this world.

THE FIELD

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ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE FRIDAY MORNING FORUM

November 21.—Louis L. Mann, Rabbi Chicago Sinai Congregation

WHAT THE DISBELIEVER BELIEVES

Dr. Mann, the successor to Dr. E. G. Hirsch at Sinai Congregation, is Vice-Chancellor of the Jewish Chautauqua Society, a Contributing Editor of UNITY, Chairman Religious Education, Central Conference of American Rabbis, until recently lecturer on Comparative Ethics, Yale University, and is Professional Lecturer Oriental Languages and Literature at the University of Chicago.

November 28.—No Meeting

December 5.—A. Emil Davies, Practical Economist and Publicist

PUBLIC OWNERSHIP IN THE BRITISH EMPIRE

Mr. Davis is on the executive boards of a score or more of British organizations, connected with modern developments, ranging from garden cities to dramatic leagues, and numbers among his friends most of the leading writers and personalities of Britain. He is Honorary Lecturer on Business Finance at the University of Leeds, and is a brilliant and powerful speaker. Mr. Davies has a message to deliver to American audiences on the responsibility and opportunities which will come to the United States as a result of the passing of economic power from Europe to America.

A LETTER TO THE CANDIDATES

[The following letter was sent to each of the six candidates for the Presidency and the Vice-Presidency on October 22nd last. "No replies were received." Copies of the letter were sent to the Boston *Herald, Globe, Post,* the *Christian Science Monitor,* and the New York *Times* and *World.* "So far as I know," says Mr. Pinkham, "none of them printed the letter." We take pleasure in presenting it herewith.—J. H. H.]

Dear Sir:

At a recent meeting in Boston of the Association to Abolish War it was voted to make inquiry of the candidates for the Presidency how far they are prepared to go in abandoning the discredited war system.

We believe that the attitude of armed fear in which at present the nations face one another is a reproach to our civilization and a libel on our common humanity. We hold that armies and navies, so far from insuring safety from war, tend directly to incite war. Remembering that our country has never been attacked by a foreign power although relatively unarmed for the larger part of its history, we deplore what we think ought to be regarded as the un-American policy now followed, of maintaining a navy of the first rank and of announcing to the world by such demonstrations as that of the late "Defense Day" that we are ready to employ with the least possible delay our great resources, material and human, in the slaughter of our fellow-men.

While we shall welcome whatever statement on war you may care to make, we venture to suggest certain questions, to wit:

Do you favor treaties of our country with all other countries willing to agree to them, which shall provide for the peaceable settlement of all disputes, those involving national honor and vital interests not excepted?

Do you favor such a treaty at least with Great Britain — as Chief Justice Taft, when President, advocated — and certain other selected countries, if not with all?

Do you think that the following three measures, if enacted into law in time of peace, would diminish the likelihood of war? (1) Requirement of a popular vote showing whether the people desire war. (2) Dependence upon volunteers only, those who believe in war—no conscription of men, forcing them to be soldiers against their will. (3) The conscription of property, that is, a pay-as-you-go policy, meeting war expenses by taxation instead of by borrowing.

Would you approve of an announcement by our government that it will not employ armed force to safeguard the investments and other ventures of our citizens in foreign lands?

Do you recognize the danger of war-breeding irritation involved in tariffs and other interferences with the natural desires of men for international intercourse?

Do you favor full participation by our country in the world conference for the reduction of armaments planned by the League of Nations for next June?

Might not our country wisely follow Denmark's example and proceed to disarm at once?

We put this inquiry to the three leading candidates for the Presidency and to the associated candidates for the Vice-Presidency, having in mind the noble opportunity and immense responsibility of the high office which will in a short time be held by some one of them, and feeling deeply that the question of war is by far the most important one confronting our generation. Such is the interdependence of the nations today and so effective are modern methods of destruction, that unless war is abolished nothing else will matter. Civilization must destroy war, and that speedily, or be destroyed by it.

We are giving this letter to the press at the same time that we are mailing it to the candidates. Desiring the widest possible publicity for our inquiry and for the answers made by the candidates, we trust that their replies will be given to the press promptly.

In behalf of the Association to Abolish war,

CHARLES F. DOLE, *President,*
HENRY W. PINKHAM, *Secretary.*

IN GERMANY

The Commemoration of the tenth anniversary of the outbreak of the war showed the will to peace prevailing at last, more even than had been expected.

The Republic and Peace.—People took more interest in this year's Constitutional Celebrations than formerly. The Committee for German Protestant Churches gave warm support to the request of the Government that the Churches should take part in solemnizing the anniversary of the Constitution. An organization of former front-line soldiers under the (republican) black-red-gold flag which, like the nationalist organization, the "Steel Helmet," bases itself upon the Constitution of Weimar, wishes, in opposition to the "Steel Helmet," to work towards the reconciliation of the nations. The pacifist generals von Deimling and von Schoenaich play a leading part in it. Von Deim-

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Fifth, I love to think of you (as does everybody who has known your work), as a shepherd, a born shepherd, with a big shepherd-heart,—shepherding as tenderly and with as much solicitude as any Palestine shepherd ever felt for his sheep and lambs, a great company of persons, consisting not only of your own church in Shelbyville and its little branch churches in the country, but of hundreds and hundreds (shall I not say thousands) in other churches, and especially outside of all churches, scattered throughout all that large region of country where you have preached, where you have been a friend to those who needed a friend, and a counsellor to those who needed counsel; where in great numbers of homes you have buried the dead with words of hope and comfort, and married the young with words of earnest incentive to noble living; where on platforms you have championed so many noble causes in the interest of the welfare of all the people; and then wider still, where your printed word has gone, and where your personal influence has gone, far beyond the sound of your voice and far beyond your sight.

Yes, you have been a shepherd of a great company,—larger than you have ever known.

My dear brother, there is much more in my thought and heart which I would be glad to say in connection with your happy anniversary, but my letter is already too long. I will only add my earnest prayer that God may give you strength, comfort and great peace throughout the rest of your earthly days,—until in His good time He shall say to you, "It is enough; come away; I have work for you to do elsewhere," and shall open to you the door to the Immortal Life.

Fraternally and affectionately yours,

J. T. SUNDERLAND.

ling addressed 15,000 members in Weimar where they welcomed his words "with continuous cheers." He criticised nationalist phrases and jingoism severely, declaring that a new war could never prove to be Germany's salvation. In consequence of his work for peace he has been excluded from the German Officers' Union. General von Schoenaich has just published an anti-war book called 'From the Last War to the Next,' published by the Neue Gesellschaft, Fichtenau bei Berlin, with prefaces by General Percin and General Hamilton.

Sixty-third Catholics' Congress (Katholikentag).—At this Congress early in September Herr Joos, a member of the Reichstag, spoke on 'Youth, Nationalism and Pacifism,' and Fürst Löwenstein on 'Pax Christi in Regno Christi.' Herr Joos said that he who makes a god of his country is no longer a Catholic, and that Catholic youth will have to make a personal decision in accordance with the commandment "There is one God and thou shalt have none other gods but Him." These expressions of opinion must not be overestimated; for they are counterbalanced by other opinions from the nationalist side, such, for instance, as those at the War Commemoration of the National Union of German Officers, at the party gathering of the National Socialists at Weimar and at the Munich gathering of the Evangelical Union.

HYMN

The words of hymns abruptly plod
  In dark simplicity,
Telling of yearning after God.
  And is it God with me?

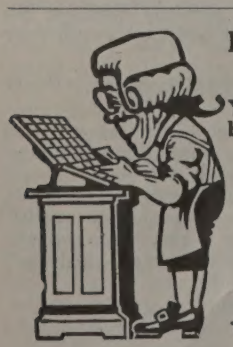
Yearning like this can only go
  To lines compressed and grim.
With slow surprise I come to know
  The reason for a hymn.

Love is a seeking and a thirst,
  And has no ready speech.
That glib perfection known at first
  My hymn can never reach.

"Blessed are they which hunger and thirst" . . . .
  To thirst is to be filled;
Better that leaves and sunlit water
  Should never quite be stilled.

Can only God contain the whole,
  And compass every part?
O love, take all the faithfulness
  Of my unfaithful heart!

Poetry. —*Louise Townsend Nicholl.*



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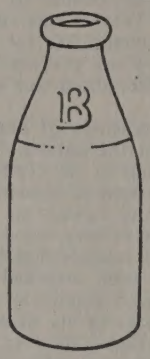

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